

The End of Time by CLOSEC192

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Summary:

They didn't know the journey that they were about to embark on was going to save the world, and save themselves. Thrust from universe to universe our heroes find themselves interacting with the worst and the best. From Marvel to Supernatural to Stranger Things and everything in-between, this multi-fandom work has something for everyone.

1. The Prophecy

From realm to realm our heroes flee
To meet characters shrouded in mystery
To defeat the ever-looming gloom
They must face their impending doom
To Asgard our heroes first go
For Loki and Thor already know
To keep their people safe and sound
Mighty fists will have to pound
Then to Derry, Maine
Where there lies a creature of a different strain
The Losers Club will set you free
To the next door into the galaxy
Search for the one who calls himself Star lord
He is ever hiding from Thanos's sword
His companions will help you along the way
To find the realm of many fae
In Middle Earth you shall find
The one who holds the ring that binds
Frodo will help you through
To a mystic land where unseen shadows protect you
Light shines through wood
Because of the angel of good
Their gleaming weapons will teach demons their lessons
And then you will be in a daze
Where time is movable nowadays
The Time Team will help you through
Then to Hogwarts where magic is anew
The trio will teach you where to go
When you don't want to be found by your foe
The Winchesters hold the Impala's reins
Heaven and hell running through their veins
With an angel on their side
You don't need to hide
Then to the one who's too smart for his own good
With John Watson by his side he's no longer misunderstood
Together they'll help you catch a clue
Only then will the next door let you through

They have a Hulk, but don't be fooled
The Avengers can't be ruled
Super powers combined
To get you to the other side
To find the next door, Hawkins is the only way
The one who has telekinetic powers will be the one to say
Where the door to the time war stays
The Doctor will help you in his blue box of many ways
Then back home with your friends to save the day

2. Chapter Two

Summary for the Chapter:

Our heroes begin their journey in a most unexpected way.

They didn't know that it was going to end this way. They didn't know what horror was in store for them. They weren't ready. They were never ready. They didn't know that it would cost them everything.

The stairs creaked under the weight of the four people that were slowly creeping up them. With every crack and whisper of the wood below them the quartet flinched, scared that the sounds may alert the neighbors who were hopefully sleeping peacefully at this hour. Finally, after what seemed like ages, the last step had been ascended and our heroes studied the lock on the door.

The house looming above them was ancient, and rumors swirled about it around the small town constantly. It was purportedly haunted, and, if the stories were true, two kids had actually died in this house about ten years ago. It sat on the corner of Farren and Connal Street, and had been boarded up for years to appease angry citizens and hopefully prevent anything else horrible from happening. The stories didn't scare these kids off though. They were dying to know what was in the house – well, almost all of them wanted to see what was in the house.

One member of the party, Moon, did not want anything to do with this shithole, much less go in at one in the morning, but Cassian, Snowbird, and Rain wanted to go, and there was no way on God's green earth that she was letting them go alone. They'd probably end up getting themselves killed. So here she was, cold and shivering violently on the front porch of The House from Hell.

"Can you pick the lock?" Cassian asked Snowbird hurriedly.

"Did you get hit on the head recently?" Snowbird asked, looking up from the lock to shoot him a questioning, yet spiteful, look.

Cassian paused, "No, why?"

"Just curious because you got really stupid all of a sudden. Of course, I can do it. Idiot." Snowbird scowled and proceeded to pick the lock on the door. It was open within a minute. Snowbird and Rain bounded ahead into the dark house with no worries about the horrors that might lay within.

"You coming?" Cassian asked Moon, while pulling two flashlights of his pocket and offering one to her.

Moon sighed, resigned to her fate, "I guess so." She grabbed the flashlight from his hand and walked behind him into the dark house.

"Well this is an absolute nightmare," Moon muttered after poking around the foyer of the house. The floorboards were rotting beneath her feet and every step could very well be her last. She had almost twisted her ankle when she tripped over a coat rack but had luckily only sustained a few bruises and splinters from the altercation. The curtains were torn to shreds by who knows what, and there was furniture everywhere, with no regard to where it was placed and if it was actually functional. Moon was certain that she'd seen at least three rats in the five minutes she'd been in the house. And they weren't small rats either.

Cassian had disappeared almost immediately, and Moon had been left alone. The house was probably beautiful in its prime; it had high ceilings adorned with now faded paintings, a huge, winding dark wood staircase, and delicately crafted arches and crown molding. Now it was a rotten, moldy mess that smelled worse than a dumpster that Cassian had "accidentally" thrown her into in seventh grade. Dust swirled in the air, disturbed upon their arrival and Moon tried to hold in a cough. She stood quietly in the hallway, not wanting to venture any further by herself, but jumped when she heard a soft scratching sound behind her. She turned rapidly and pointed her flashlight in the direction of the sound but saw nothing. Sighing, she turned back around and saw something that was not there before. More curious than afraid, she bent down to look at it.

It was a door. Only about three feet high and made of dark, rich wood, the door had been placed underneath the staircase. It had no handle, so she wasn't sure as to whether it was actually a door or merely an ornamental piece. It was beautiful and had a painting in the center of it. Moon moved closer to see exactly what it was. She

finally saw that it was the painting of a world, but not Earth. It had green land masses and blue oceans but in completely different spots than the map, she was used to seeing.

That's odd. Who would put a door here? Moon thought to herself.

"Cassian! Come look at this door that I found!" Moon whisper shouted. Cassian was there in a flash.

"Whoa! How'd you find this?" He knelt beside her, their knees bumping together. Cassian blushed and shifted away. Moon didn't notice.

"I turned around and it had just suddenly appeared. It doesn't have a handle, but do you think we should open it?"

"Absolutely. Just push on it or something." Cassian sounded too excited for Moon to feel comfortable. Moon looked at him, apprehensive. He shrugged, "What's the worst that could happen?"

"Famous last words," Moon muttered as she placed her hand on the door.

As soon as she pushed on it, the door started hissing as if air was escaping from it, but before she could shut it, it flung open of its own accord and bathed both of them in a blinding golden light.

"What the f—" Cassian managed to get out before all four of the trespassers in the house were pulled through the door by some unseen force, and it slammed shut and disappeared after their hasty exit.

Moon couldn't remember what happened next. One second she was opening the door and the next she was waking up in a cornfield, Cassian, Snowbird, and Rain gathered around her, very close to her face. As soon as she woke up, they all jumped back.

"Moon! Thank god." Cassian said as he helped her up.

"We thought you were dead!" Rain said excitedly.

"Rain!" Snowbird chastised them and they looked away guiltily before muttering a quick apology.

"Where are we?" Moon asked, gazing around the cut-down cornfield.

"No idea."

"Well, we better start walking then. I'm not about to die out in the middle of this cornfield." Moon began walking and stumbled for the first couple steps but regained her balance as she kept moving forward. The others followed close behind. She had no idea where

she was going, but something in her was telling her to go north – so that's what she did.

They had only been walking for an hour before Rain started complaining. Then once Rain started complaining, Snowbird started complaining too.

"You're more than welcome to stay in this cornfield and die," Moon said, shooting them a withering glare. The complaining stopped abruptly. The group walked for two more hours in almost complete silence, save for random animal noises that scared them half to death. At the close of the third hour, the cornfield ended, and a small house could be seen in the distance.

"Thank GOD," Snowbird said, sighing.

"Wait! We don't know if it's safe." Cassian said, grabbing Snowbird's arm as she tried to take off.

"Cassian's right. I'll go." Moon said. Cassian protested weakly but knew he wouldn't change her mind. Moon was always like that, and Cassian knew that even on her deathbed, she would still bargain with the Reaper himself. Moon advanced closer and closer to the house that was serenely spitting smoke from its chimney. The door was cracked as Moon wound her way through the small garden in the front yard. That's odd. She thought. They have all of the vegetables I like to plant. And my favorite flowers! She eyed the big cluster of petunias skeptically. She pushed away the thoughts and carefully pushed open the door.

"Hello?" She called out quietly, but not timidly. There was no answer. She stepped into the house and softly shut the door behind her. She was greeted by the cutest home she'd ever seen. It was small but bursting with character. The kitchen to the right was tiny but tastefully decorated. It's refurbished wood counters boasted a mishmash of cutlery and dishes, and the butcher-block counters were clean save for a few recipe books stacked upon each other. A small round dining table with another bouquet of petunias claimed the space in the middle of the kitchen. The living room directly off to the left housed a fireplace, a worn green sofa, and two matching chairs, and - books! Moon had never seen so many books in her life. The bookshelves were crammed full of them, and there were at least eight bookshelves in the tiny living room. Tearing herself away from the books, Moon made her way to the back of the house and found one bedroom, with a moon carved into it. She shivered and opened the door.

The room was small, but exactly Moon's taste. The bed was pushed up against the wall and was adorned by a blue and yellow quilt. There was a small square window in the far wall, looking out into a window box full of petunias, and, if she squinted hard enough, she would see a mountain range far, far away. There was a green chair like the ones in the living room and four bookshelves, also bursting to the seams with books. But most importantly, there was no one here. It seemed as if the house had been built just for her. Deciding that it was safe, Moon made her way back through the small house and opened the door. She flashed a thumbs up at the rest of the group, and they hurriedly made their way to the house.

As soon as they got in the house, Moon shut the door and quickly explained, "Now there's only one bedroom so we're going to have to take turns on the bed." But the others didn't listen to her as they were exploring the house on their own.

"What do you mean there's only one bedroom?" Snowbird called from the back of the house.

"Huh?" Moon saw that there were now four doors in addition to her door with a moon on it. There three doors had mysteriously appeared, and each was marked for their owner; one featured a bird, one with a book, and one with a sword on it. "That's...strange." Suddenly, Moon's stomach let out a growl worthy of a wolf, and she realized how hungry she was, and how hungry everyone else was too. She walked into the kitchen and went straight to the fridge. It was stocked full, and she pulled out a carton of eggs and some sausage patties. There was a loaf of bread on the counter, so she pulled out a tub of butter and a jar of jelly for toast. She quickly got to work frying the sausage and cooking the eggs and making toast. As soon as she finished each part, she slid the various foods onto four plates, each a different color and pattern. She was about to holler that breakfast was ready, but when she turned around, she saw that the others were already sitting at the table patiently. "Wow, thanks for the help guys." She said.

"You would have yelled at us if we had gotten in the way," Cassian said smiling.

"Touché." Moon sat down and they all dug into their food.

After eating breakfast, Snowbird and Rain excused themselves to

their rooms to take a much-needed nap. Cassian said he wanted to walk around the house on the outside and look at the garden, and Moon took this time as an opportunity to look at the multitude of books scattered around the house. Many of the novels were ones she had never heard of before, but she hoped she had the pleasure and the time to read all of them someday. Some of the books she had read and some were classics. After she was satisfied with the books in the living room, she went back to her room and examined the books there. Most all of them were her favorites and a few that she didn't recognize but was sure she'd enjoy. One book, in particular, stuck out to her. It was a simple black leather book with no title, only a silver moon on the binding. Curious, she pulled it out and undid the black rope that was keeping it held together.

She hesitated for only a moment before she opened the book and found herself face to face with her own handwriting. She fought the urge to drop the book, and quickly read the first page. It was about this house. And about this place. How had she written this book when this was the first time that she had ever seen the book? She flipped through the rest of the book and saw that it was completely full, save for the last page. The pages were filled with drawings and stories, recipes and poems, and occasionally, notes jotted in the margins in a language unknown to her. Moon decided to keep the book to herself, and she quickly slid it into a canvas bag that was sitting on the nightstand beside her bed. Just in time too, for Cassian had finished his outdoor tour and leaned on her door frame, right after Moon had hidden the book.

"You good?" He asked, noting her pale face and her expression.

"Yeah. Fine. Totally fine." Her performance was not convincing, so she decided to change the subject before Cassian could question her further. "How was outside?"

"Great! The garden has plenty of food and there's even a mountain range farther up north! I'd like to explore it someday." He looked wistful.

"Well, we're not going to explore it for a while. We need to rest and regain our strength before we even think about leaving this house." Cassian frowned but nodded his agreement. "On that note, I'm going to take a nap." She pushed his chest so he would take a step back and shut the door in his face.

She dug through the chest at the foot of her bed and found a pair of thick pyjamas, and quickly shed her dirty and torn clothes in favor of

the soft, clean ones in her hand. She climbed into bed and nestled under the comforter and was asleep in a matter of minutes.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hello, I'm alive! Thank you so much for taking the time to read this chapter! Kudos and comments are always appreciated!

- Claire

PS - I can't figure out how to do indentations so if anyone knows how to and would like to help me that would be greatly appreciated!

3. Chapter Three

When Moon awoke, it seemed to be midafternoon, judging from the light pouring into her room from the small window. She groaned, rubbing her eyes, and reluctantly pulled herself out of bed. She slipped off the thick pajamas, pulling on a pair of pants and a thin long sleeve shirt from the trunk at the end of her bed. She quietly grabbed the canvas bag holding her journal, and eased open the door before leaving the house to go sit in the garden.

With shaking hands she pulled the journal out of her bag, setting it in her lap and staring at it for a long while before opening it. It wrote, Dear Moon,

I know that this is all very confusing for you right now - take a deep breath. What I've written in this journal is my story, and one day, it will be yours too. Please don't read ahead, it may upset you.

You are here to save the world. The creators of this planet who live among stardust have made it so. Will it be how you imagine? No. Will you face losses along the way? Yes. I'm telling you this not to scare you, but to prepare you.

This place is special. The cottage feels as though it was made for you, doesn't it? I always loved the cottage. This place is called the In-Between, a realm where all of those who are lost end up. It is frozen in time, never moving forwards or backwards. This place is not safe for you.

When you are ready, journey to the mountains. There is a man waiting there for you. When you meet him, you must give him this journal. He will give it back to you, I assure you, but this is something you need to do on your own.

One day, this will all make sense, I promise. I wish you the best of luck.

Moon

Moon didn't realize she was crying until one of her tears hit the pages of the journal. She hastily closed it, not trusting herself to not read ahead. What is she - I mean - what am I talking about? Moon thought, furiously wiping the tears off of her cheeks as she saw Cassian making his way towards her.

"Hey," Cassian said softly, sitting beside her in the grass, "You okay?" "I'm fine." Moon said, her voice cracking on the last word, but they both ignored it. "We can't stay here." Moon whispered.

"Why?" Cassian asked, looking at her curiously.

"It's not safe."

"How do you know that?"

"I just do." Moon said, staring at Cassian, willing him to understand. He met her gaze before looking off towards the mountains. "We have to go to the mountains."

"I know." Cassian said, and Moon looked at him with surprise.

"How do you know that?"

"I just do." Cassian gave Moon a cheeky grin, and she laughed, shoving him into the petunia bush behind him.

"Don't mock me you asshole."

"I'm not! I swear, I'm not!" Cassian said, laughing the whole time.

"Ugh! I can't with you right now!" Moon said, standing up and walking back into the house, leaving Cassian laughing by himself in the garden.

"Wait, why are we leaving again?" Rain asked, packing their bag with a blanket and an odd assortment of clothes.

"Because Moon said so, now keep packing." Cassian barked, packing his own bag.

Moon hated to leave the cottage - it was perfect and serene, but there were bigger things waiting out there for them. She sighed, slinging her pack over her shoulder and walking out into the kitchen. Rain and Snowbird had finished packing their bags and they looked at her as she walked in.

"Are we at least going to eat something before we leave?" Snowbird asked, sarcasm dripping from her voice.

"Yes." Moon said curtly, walking over to set her pack next to the door. They made quick work of leftovers Moon had made for breakfast, and Moon packed an extra bag full of bread and fruit from the garden. It wouldn't last them long, and Moon was grateful that her mom had taught her how to hunt before she passed away. "Let's go." Moon said, walking out the door, not giving herself time to second guess her choice.

It took them three days to walk to the base of the mountain range. They had seen no other people and had slept in the trees at night. They heard other animals, but never saw them. The food ran out halfway through the second day. After that, Moon caught fish in the ponds they encountered along the way, but they were still hungry. As

the sun began to set on the third day, they were looking up at the mountain, which seemed to stretch straight up to Olympus itself, when they saw another person.

“Who are you?” A man called, staring at them with eyes that looked like molten gold.

“Who are you?” Moon threw right back, standing her ground. The man paused, and smiled at her.

“Hello, Moon.”

4. Chapter 4

“I’m sorry, do we know you?” Cassian asked, stepping up next to Moon. His fists were clenched and he looked like he was raring for a fight. Unfortunately for him, he would most certainly lose against their opponent. Cassian weighed 120 pounds soaking wet and this man’s bicep looked as though it was as big as Cassian’s head.

“I believe you have something for me.” The man said, still smiling. Moon pulled the journal out of her pack, and slowly walked over to the man, handing it over without saying a word. “Thank you child.” The man took the journal and put it in his pack. “I will make sure this goes where it belongs. As for the rest of you, I’m sorry for being so rude, my name is Heimdall.”

“I’m sorry, but, Heimdall, like from Norse Mythology, Heimdall?” Rain asked, their voice getting higher with each word.

“That is correct. I have something for you to hear.” The man suddenly stopped smiling and began to recite, “From realm to realm our heroes flee, To meet characters shrouded in mystery...” When he was done with the prophecy, he looked at each of them, chuckling at their stunned faces.

“What exactly are we up against here?” Moon asked, breaking the stupor.

“She calls herself the Queen of the In-Between, her royal highness, Lady Oleander. She was born here, the daughter of nobodies. She rose to power due to her ruthlessness and her inner circle of like-minded, horrible people. She is the reason that you fell through that door and ended up here. She will not hesitate to kill you in order to stop the prophecy. That being said, we must start moving. She will know you’re here by now.”

“I’m sorry, but we didn’t exactly sign up for this?” Cassian said.

“I know, but you are here nonetheless. Now, let’s go.” Heimdall turned and started to walk up the mountain, not looking behind to see if they’re actually following.

“Moon!” Cassian said, grabbing her arm as she started to walk after him. “You can’t seriously think about following him?”

“What choice do we have Cassian? You heard the prophecy.”

“We don’t even know if this is about us! It seems very Dungeons and Dragons to me.”

“Cassian, we’re here for a reason. We have to go.”

"So are you gonna tell us what that book was then?" Rain said, walking up to them.

"Uh...I can't."

"Because you can't or because you don't want to? If you're going to keep secrets from us then how are we going to save the world or whatever?" Snowbird said, crossing her arms.

"Because I can't. It's not important. Now can we please go? It's getting dark and Heimdall is still walking away from us." Moon said, gesturing at the man.

"It's kind of impressive really, he hasn't even looked back once." Cassian mused.

"But I can assure you he's heard our whole argument, now, let's go!" Moon started to speed walk after Heimdall, and from the shuffling of feet she heard behind her, she knew the other's were following close behind.

5. Chapter 5

The quartet followed Heimdall through the crags of the mountain, through barely wide enough passages, Cassian stubbing his toes every ten minutes on rocks the others didn't seem to find, until they leveled out on a plateau, bare save for some scraggly grass here and there.

"Only a little ways more. Then we'll part ways." Heimdall said, sitting on the ground.

"Wait, you're not coming with us?" Moon asked, disappointment clear in her voice. Heimdall gave her a small smile and shook his head.

"I'm afraid this is something you'll have to do on your own." Moon nodded.

"So does this mean Thor and Loki are real too?" Cassian asked, finally warming up to the intimidating man.

"Everything you've read is true. Asgard, the Rainbow Bridge, all of it. But you'll see soon."

"Where exactly are you taking us?" Snowbird asked, leaning forward excitedly.

"A door. From this world to the next. It is your job to find them. There are people who will help you along the way."

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up. The last time we went through a weird door we ended up here. I am not going through another door." Cassian said angrily.

"Then you'll die here." Cassian's face blanched.

"Cassian, it'll be okay." You don't know that. The voice in the back of Moon's head said. Shut up.

"Something's wrong." Heimdall said, standing up. He looked out over the horizon, and the rapidly darkening sky. "She's coming. Get up, we have to run." They all quickly jumped up and sprinted after Heimdall, away from the thundering clouds rapidly gaining ground on them. They dodged falling rocks, hurtled around treacherous mountain passes, and into a cave with a glowing door at the end of it. "Go! They will help you!" Heimdall shouted as our heroes hurtled through the door before it slammed shut behind them.

"Oh my god." Moon whispered, as they found themselves standing on the Rainbow Bridge into Asgard.

Author's Note:

Hello! I'm Claire and I'm the one who will be writing this fic! Chapters will probably be long and slow-coming because I'm in college and am juggling 18 credit hours! Thank you all for the love and support, I've been formulating this idea for years!

This is my novel for NaNoWriMo!